

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPICRAMS FROM VENICE.—(1790.)

IN ELEGiac VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XLIII.

Faust's horrible fate is a theme for the great to reflect on,
But 'tis a theme more fit still for the thoughts of the small.
True: they have fallen—the great! But by whom were the many
protected,
When by the many oppress'd, tyrant more ruthless than all. J.O.

THE MENDELSSOHN FOUNDATION.

A PLAN has been originated at Leipsic, to attach to the famous conservatory of that town an independent foundation for gratuitous instruction in every branch of the musical art, open to all nations. The advantages of this foundation will be enjoyed by the holders of certain scholarships which are to be the reward of superior merit, indefatigable industry, and otherwise exemplary conduct; so that the artist who commences his career with the distinction of the Mendelssohn badge will be in possession of a testimonial of talent and worth, that cannot fail to be a strong recommendation to him wherever he goes. This happy idea of doing honour to the memory of the great and lamented Mendelssohn is creditable to Leipsic, which by his influence was placed at the head of musical cities, and has received the warm sanction of his Majesty, the King of Saxony.

But whatever Saxony and Leipsic owe to Mendelssohn, England, and especially London, owes still more. His genius may be said to have expanded among us from an acorn to an oak; he came to England the most promising and he last left it the greatest composer of the age; the Hanover Square Rooms, Exeter Hall, and the Town Hall at Birmingham, were the scenes of his most brilliant triumphs, the temples where the most enthusiastic and unanimous homage was paid to his transcendent merits. It is not then surprising that Leipsic should think of England as an aider and abettor of the Mendelssohn Foundation, still less that England should respond with warmth to the appeal. What has been already done in London may be seen from the following:—

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS.

The annals of music afford few instances in which cultivation applied to genius has produced a result so distinguished as the works and life of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. It has occurred to the friends and fellow-labourers of the deceased, that the fittest monument to his memory will be one which shall afford future artists the means of following his admirable example.

With this view, a plan has been originated at Leipsic, under the sanction of his Majesty the King of Saxony, to found, in the Musical

Conservatory of that town, as a recognition of musical genius and exemplary conduct,

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS, FOR STUDENTS OF ALL NATIONS.

In furtherance of such a desirable object, an appeal has been made to the friends and admirers of Mendelssohn in England—simultaneously with an application to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, to give her valuable assistance to the project. In the month of July last a Committee was formed, consisting of the following Gentlemen:—

Sir G. Smart.....	Chairman.
J. Benedict, Esq.	C. E. Horaley, Esq.
W. S. Bennett, Esq.	J. W. Davison, Esq.
John Hullah, Esq.	H. F. Chorley, Esq.
E. Buxton, Esq.....	Treasurer.
C. Klingemann, Esq.....	Secretary.

The above Committee, acting with the full concurrence of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, beg to announce that a performance of "ELIJAH" will take place, on the 15th of December, at Exeter Hall, in aid of the proposed object; having annexed to such contributions as they may be enabled to forward, the condition that a proportion of the Scholarships of the Mendelssohn Foundation shall always be held by natives of the United Kingdom; and that a part of the sum collected shall be devoted to the endowment of Preparatory Scholarships in the Conservatory of Leipsic reserved for the natives of the United Kingdom, to qualify them for competition for the Mendelssohn Scholarships.

We shall next week, most probably, be able to enter into further particulars. At present we may conclude by saying that every ticket is already sold. Madlle. Jenny Lind has shown herself wise as well as charitable.

VIVIER.

As we augured in our last number, the extraordinary success of this great horn-player at Jullien's concerts, has led to his re-engagement. M. Vivier is now retained to the end of the season, and plays four times a-week instead of three. M. Jullien, ever alive to consult the desires of the public, could have pursued no other course. M. Vivier achieved such enormous success that the manager, were he so inclined, was left no other alternative than to renew his engagement. But M. Jullien went before the wishes of the public. He engaged Vivier for a longer period than that stipulated in his first engagement, and introduced him one night more in the week before the public. We have little doubt of the result of this speculation. The wonderful and novel talents of this great instrumentalist prove nightly more and more attractive, and will continue to do so to the end of the season, however long that may be. Vivier's talents are not only of the highest order, but of the most peculiar kind. At a time when all the world are running after gymnastic displays on instruments, and are seeking for the elaborate and the ornate, to the utter destruction of the pure and simple—when, in short, people look more to be taken by surprise than lulled by delight, Vivier, who can more than any living performer astonish and amaze, has no further recourse to miraculous exhibition on his instrument than to demonstrate his mechanical capabilities, and

eschews—bating on such exceptive occasions—the florid and bailliant for the pure and classical. The person who hears Vivier for the first time, after having heard his praises so loudly sung, may, indeed, for a moment, feel disappointment, for accomplishment can never instantaneously come up to expectation, but this feeling soon wears away, and the reaction triumphantly takes place. He who listens for prodigious effects—having heard them—is soon sated with them, but the ear drinks in with unalloyed pleasure the more intense beauties belonging to exquisite phrasing, deep feeling, pathos, power, and perfect intonation; nor will it part with these. The mind becomes the store-house of the ear, and Fancy plays the minister to summon at pleasure what has been hoarded by Care.

Since writing the above, as if more entirely to illustrate all we have adduced in praise of his style of phrasing and consummate taste, Vivier has introduced the melancholy and beautiful *serenade* of Shubert, which he nothing less than weeps upon his instrument. The feelings of Margaret at the spinning wheel, crying out her soul for the faithless and fickle Faust, could hardly be more expressively embodied in the poetry of sound than by the tender passionate tones that Vivier brings from the horn in this plaintive serenade.

Monsieur Fétis, the celebrated French lexicographer and critic, with great justice, has denominated Vivier the Paganini of the horn; the parallel holds throughout; not only does the same power of execution appertain to the horn-player which belonged to the violinist, but the same delicacy, the same *esprit*, the same expressiveness, the same exquisite grace, and the same wonderful finish characterise the performance of both.

We congratulate the public on being enabled to hear Vivier for three weeks to come, and we strongly recommend all true lovers of music, all true devotees of art, and all who are truly curious, to go and hear him.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Annual Concert of Miss Whitnall, who is at the head of our vocalists here, came off at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson, on Monday evening last. The room was crowded by a fashionable audience, including the Earl of Seston and party from Croxteth Hall, William Brown, Esq., M.P., and most of the first families of the town and vicinity. The artistes engaged were Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Machin, Miss Whitnall, Mrs. Moore, (a debutante,) Mr. Wallworth, Mr. Percival, (flute,) and Mr. Joseph Robinson, conductor. The Royal Pensioners' Band was also present, by permission of Captain Gregg. Mr. Harrison sang several of his favorite ballads from the *Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, &c., with great success. Mr. Machin gave his songs "In caverns deep," and "Philip the Falconer," in musician-like style, and was encored in both. Mr. Wallworth only sang "Kingly Wine," from *Leoline*, a drinking song, without a spark of the true bacchanalian character; it was not surprising, then, that the singer could not make it effective. Miss Whitnall sang with great animation, taste and feeling, was warmly applauded, and encored several times. The great hit of the evening was a new ballad, composed by her expressly for the occasion, entitled, "Sing that melody again," which was unanimously encored. The music reflects much credit upon Miss Whitnall's musical knowledge and taste; the melody is pretty and plaintive, and the accompaniment appropriate and well written. Mrs. Moore, pupil of Miss Whitnall's, made her *debut* at this concert: her

voice is of a very pleasing quality, but it is scarcely powerful enough for a large room. Mr. Percival, (the flutist,) in addition to accompanying one of Miss Whitnall's songs, played a fantasia of Nicholson's with considerable skill; he is a young artist and has plenty of time before him to acquire that mechanical aptitude which is indispensable. Altogether the concert was one of the most agreeable we have attended for a long time.

As to dramatic affairs, they are decidedly in the shade at Liverpool; our Theatre Royal is, and has been for some weeks past, occupied by Pell's serenaders and Boz's Juba, who have succeeded in drawing good audiences where some of the first actors of the day have played to little else than empty benches. So much for the taste of the day! There is some talk of Mr. Vandenhoff taking our Theatre Royal, and it is to be hoped, that the rumour may be well founded. Mr. Vandenhoff is a gentleman of education and a sterling actor, and might, we think, make it profitable to himself, and an object of legitimate interest to the public. At our Amphitheatre the French Equestrian Company still continues to draw good houses: they have lately given some morning performances, which have been well attended by the rising generation, for whose special amusement they were undertaken. The performances are really well worthy attention. Amongst the numerous attractions it is hard to single any one out for special mention, so I advise your readers to pay them a visit at Drury Lane Theatre, where, I understand, they are engaged to appear at Christmas. Mr. James Rogers, the lessee of our Liver Theatre, is carrying it on with great spirit; he has lately reduced his prices, and by so doing, has drawn more money to his treasury. He is constantly bringing forth something new; this week, the Bedouin Arabs are astonishing crowded audiences; a new local historical drama, entitled the *Battle of Liverpool*, is already underlined in the bills, together with a new comic pantomime by Nelson Lee. One of the greatest attractions at this theatre, whom I forgot to mention before, is a Mdlle. Fannie, a *danseuse* of more than ordinary merit; she has a good face and figure, and dances with neatness and agility. There is a talk of a new theatre being built here, to be called the Haymarket; but I can scarcely believe that there are speculators rash enough to build a theatre in a town where there are already four, none of which are very profitable. I am glad to see that you are going to put a stop to the "Voglerian Correspondence." I am sure all your readers are as thoroughly tired of it as

J. H. N.

[J. H. N. is mistaken. We are not going to "put an end" to the controversy on Vogler's system; we only intend to reject whatever letters on the subject may be disfigured by personalities that are beside the question. Our pages are always open to serious discussion. Abstract musical subjects may be uninteresting to J. H. N.; but our worthy correspondent must bear in mind that our paper is a *musical* one. —ED.]

MUSIC AT CHESTERFIELD.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DEAR EDITOR,—I have not had occasion on my tour to bring any interesting musical information under your notice, and for a very good reason, viz., there has rarely been an opportunity afforded me, not having been fortunate enough to overtake Madame Dulcken and her party, Mons. Chopin, or any of the wandering musicians. I am pleased at last to be able

to break my silence by addressing you from a town hitherto not renowned for encouraging good music. Thanks to the exertions and perseverance of the resident professor, Mr. Trimmell, a considerable improvement becomes already perceptible in the general taste, for although a great deal of indifferent music, with gaudy illustrations, finds its way into the hands of the amateur, still the higher order of compositions are daily more sought after, and bid fair very speedily to extirpate the trash under which the shelves of the country music-sellers piteously groan.

A great treat was afforded to the *elite* of Chesterfield and neighbourhood on the 8th instant, when Mr. Trimmell gave a grand concert on his own responsibility. His success was eminent; all the nobility and gentry attended, and many persons were unable to obtain admission. An excellent band commenced with Mozart's immortal overture *Die Zauberflöte*, which was exceedingly well played. This was followed by a new Polka of Linter's, which set the audience in a good humour, only heightened by Bosisio's sparkling waltzes, "Les Suisses," and two of Musard's most popular quadrilles, "La Reine Victoria" and "La Fête de Bronze." Mr. Sewell of Rotherham played Mayseder's famous Op. 40., dedicated to Paganini, in a masterly style, and established his reputation here as a most excellent violinist. Mr. Skelton of Blythe's violoncello solo was entitled "Souvenir der Danube," by Mayseder and Dotzauer: he played the pretty theme with much feeling, whilst the brilliant execution of the variations won him general applause. Mrs. Parkes acquitted herself most creditably in several songs and duets. Mr. Trimmell himself sang "the Standard Bearer" and "My Heart's on the Rhine," in both of which he elicited unanimous encores. Mr. Trimmell has a voice of very agreeable quality, and his style of delivery approaches to that of his model Fischel, who has rendered these two songs so highly popular. The band also played Mozart's symphony in C and the overture to Rossini's *Tancredi*. As a finale "God save the Queen" was given, the solo parts by Mrs. Parkes and Mr. Trimmell, the audience upstanding and joining in the chorus. It is to be hoped as Mr. Trimmell has made so good a beginning he will continue these concerts from time to time, as they cannot fail to be advantageous to the public of this town and to his own reputation. I must not omit to mention that Mr. Trimmell appeared also as a pianist in a concertante duet by Mayseder in *Guillaume Tell*, Mr. Sewell taking the violin part, both artists playing with more than ordinary skill. We were afforded an opportunity of hearing a ballad, entitled "the Gipsy's Bride," composed by Mr. Trimmell, which bids fair to become a great favourite.—Ever, dear Editor, yours.

A. Z.

Chesterfield, November 26, 1848.

SONNET.

NO. CXII.

CAN this unstable, ever-varying state
The sole condition be, by which we live?
Has fate no higher, purer boon to give
Than such a life?—How niggardly is fate!
Is it decreed, the soul becomes elate—
The cup with joys o'erflowing to receive,
Only to learn how much those joys deceive,
Tasting the bitter dregs—alas, too late!
The ancient sage spoke of the calm delight
Of him who, seated on the tranquil shore,
Heard the wild storm that sported with the sea.
Where is that shore? We only gain a sight
Of life, when placed amid the tempest's roar,
When that is hushed—then vanished, too, are we.

N. D.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

BOOK I.

OF THE ORIGIN OF ART, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS DIFFERENCE IN
DIFFERENT NATIONS.

CHAP. II.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 737.)

XXV. THE manner in which such works in glass are produced is plainly shewn by a rod a span long, in Mr. Hamilton's Museum, the outer layer of which is blue, while the interior is a sort of rose, of different shades, which go through the whole rod in exactly the same situation. Now, since glass may be drawn out into threads of any thickness that may be desired, and to an infinite length, which can be done just as easily with a number of combined and melted glass tubes, which retain their relative position through the process of drawing, just as a gilt piece of silver, drawn out into a wire, remains gilt through its whole length; it may be conjectured with probability, that in glass works of the sort large tubes have been made infinitely small by drawing.

XXVI. The most useful articles known among ancient glass-works are impressions and carvings, partly reliefs, partly intaglios, to imitate stones, together with works in relief of a larger size, of which kind a whole vessel may be found. The casts in glass of stone intaglios often imitate the stripes and veins, which are found in the original stone, and in many casts taken from stones carved in relief, may be found the colors of the cameo itself, as Pliny testifies. (a) In a few very rare specimens of this kind the figure in relief is ornamented with thick gold-leaf. One of them shews a head of Tiberius, and is in the possession of Mr. Byres, the architectural *connaisseur* at Rome. We are indebted to these casts for the existence, even at the present day, of many rare subjects, which have been lost in the original gems, including, among others, the duel of Pittacus, one of the "seven wise men," with Phrynon, about the possession of the Sigerian promontory. The former is throwing a net over the head of the latter, whom he thus entangles and overcomes. (b)

XXVII. Of the large works in relief nothing is generally to be found, excepting some broken specimens, which shew us the especial skill of the old artists in this branch, and perhaps, by their size, the use to which it was put. Such pieces were enclosed by marble, or by painted foliage-work, and placed as ornaments against the walls of palaces, among what are called arabesques. (c) The most important of these larger works in relief is a cameo, described by Buonarotti, in the museum of the Vatican library, consisting of an oblong tablet, upwards of a palm in length, and two-thirds of a palm broad. In this, some white figures in bas-relief are placed upon a dark brown ground, the group representing Bacchus lying in the lap of Ariadne, with two satyrs. (d)

XXVIII. But the highest productions in this branch of art are vessels for show, in which half-raised, bright, and often variously-colored figures appear in high perfection on a dark ground, just as genuine works of art cut out of sardonyx. Of this vessel there is, perhaps, only one specimen in the world in a perfect state of preservation. This was found in what has been wrongly called the sepulchral urn of the Emperor Alexander Severus, filled with the ashes of the deceased person, and is preserved among the curiosities of the

Barberini palace. (e) It is about a palm and a half high. Its beauty may be inferred from the erroneous opinion entertained hitherto, that it was of genuine sardonyx. (f)

XXIX. How infinitely more magnificent must such vessels appear to *connaisseurs* of genuine taste than all the favorite porcelain vessels, the beautiful material of which has been ennobled by no true art, nothing like a worthy or instructive monument having been imprinted on such valuable works! Porcelain has usually been formed into ridiculous puppets, and the childish taste that has resulted has been everywhere diffused.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(a) Pliny says, in many places, that all kinds of precious stones were so closely imitated, that it was difficult to distinguish the false from the true,—as the carbuncle, the jasper, the sapphire, the hyacinth, &c.—*Fea.*

(b) Among other casts in glass, Winckelmann possessed a relief of Hercules with Jole, which, according to his opinion, was no less beautiful than the same subject by the old artist, Teucer.—*Meyer.*

(c) Pliny, in the passage to which Winckelmann refers (xxvi. 25), is manifestly speaking, not of glass, but of Mosaic.—*Meyer.*

(d) There is also a remarkable bas-relief, above a palm long and in three compartments, in which Apollo and two Muses are seen. Passeri, too, speaks of a similar bas-relief in his possession, that is nearly three feet long, and represents the sacrifice of a bull.—*Fea.*

(e) For many years this vessel has been in the Barberini palace, but in England, where it is known as the Portland Vase. It was found in one of the large marble sepulchral urns, which is now kept in the Capitoline Museum, and has long passed for a memorial of the Emperor Alexander Severus, and his mother Mammia.—*Fea and Meyer.*

(f) The same is the case with the well-known admirably executed head of Tiberius, in the collection of gems in the Florentine Gallery. This head is of the size of a hen's egg, and it was long believed that it was carved out of an uncommonly large turquoise; but on a nearer and more attentive examination, it plainly appears that the supposed turquoise is no natural product, but a cast in glass.

Statues are also made of amber (*electrum*), a name which was afterwards given to a certain compound of gold and silver.—*Fea*, after Junius, who also refers to authorities for statues of glass, iron, bone, lead, wax and gypsum.

(To be continued.)

COVENT GARDEN.

THERE has been no novelty since our last. Reeves and Madlle Nissen in *Lucia*, with the benefit and last appearance of the charming Madlle Plunkett, have drawn excellent houses.

On Saturday Madlle Plunkett took her benefit, and on Thursday last she took her leave, for the present, of the English public. On both occasions she was rapturously received and encored in several of her *pas*—a compliment justly due to her admirable talent. A new *divertissement* was produced on the benefit night, called *Le Bal Masqué*, which was quite successful. It contained a *pas de deux* for Madlle Plunkett and M. Jules, and the *Manola* for Madlle Plunkett and Madlle Louise. Both were danced to perfection, and encored. The *Peri* was to have been played, but owing to the unexplained non-arrival of M. Petipa, for whom two apologies were made by Mr. Barnett, *maitre de ballet*, causing a great disturbance in the house, it was unable to be given, and at a moment's notice the first act of the *Devil to Pay* was represented, in which a very young and promising dancer, Madlle Cushnie, sustained the part of Mazourka most creditably. Madlle Plunkett danced her characteristic *Pas Espagnol*, and was encored and bouqueted, *ad infinitum*. She never executed it with more perfect grace and abandon. Mr. W. H. Payne was as humorous as ever in the Basket Maker, and the *ballet*, although so suddenly improvised, went off with great *eclat*. Madlle Plunkett left for Paris yesterday morning, and will shortly renew her

duties as *premiere danseuse* at the *Theatre de la Nation*, where Cerito and St. Léon have been endeavoring to fill up the gaping vacuum created by the absence of Carlotta Grisi.

On Monday we are positively promised the long-expected opera of *Quentin Durward*, the composition of M. Henri Laurent.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

NOVELTIES, too numerous to specify, have been produced since our last. One in particular, “The Drum Polka,” one of Jullien's greatest hits, we shall speak of in full next week. “God save the Queen,” the “Army Quadrille,” the Huguenots Quadrille, every night, and the inimitable Vivier four times a week! Is it surprising that the concerts are attended by crowds that render it impossible to move? One of the most decided effects of the week was a solo on the *contra-basso*, played on Wednesday by Mr. Rowland, an executant of first-rate pretensions.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The first and second of a series of concerts, under the above denomination, have taken place on Wednesdays, the 22nd and 29th ult. The professed object of these concerts, of which there are to be fifteen, is to give the public an opportunity of hearing a good miscellaneous musical entertainment at a cheap price of admission. The best artists are promised for the series, and a great feature is, that no piece of music shall be performed at more than one concert, except under particular circumstances. The programme of the first concert did not materially differ, except in the orchestral features and the extent and variety of attractions from those entertainments to which the members of the several Literary and Scientific Institutions in which London abounds, are admitted. The vocalists were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Misses A. and M. Williams, Poole, Soane, Messrs. Sims Reeves, T. Williams, Clifford, Sloman, Ward and Lefler. M. Thalberg was the solo pianist, and Mr. Rockstro was the accompanist. The orchestra was Mr. Willy's Concert Band. The concert began with a selection from *Oberon*, consisting of the two great scenes, “Ocean, though mighty monster,” and “O 'tis a glorious sight;” the former sung very beautifully by Miss A. Williams, the latter by Mr. Sims Reeves; the two smaller but much more interesting songs, “A lonely Arab maid,” and the “Mermaid's song,” the first exquisitely rendered by Miss M. Williams, the last entrusted to Mrs. A. Newton: the introductory chorus, “Light as fairy footsteps fall,” and the quartet, “Over the dark blue waters,” both well executed; and the overture, which though named last was played first, to which Mr. Willy and his well-known Concert Band did ample justice. We must not forget to mention that the horn *obligato* in the “Mermaid's song” was very finely played by Mr. Jarrett, who also proved of high utility in the solo with which the overture begins, and in the several points for the horn scattered throughout that splendid inspiration, of which they form such piquant features.

Next in interest to the selection from *Oberon*, were the pianoforte solos of Mr. Thalberg, the fantasias on *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Masaniello*, both of which were executed by the great pianist with that astonishing perfection of mechanism, that elegance of phrasing, and that fine command of contrast, which have carried the art, in his peculiar department, as far as it can well go. Mr. Thalberg was enthusiastically received—enthusiastically encored in both his pieces, and in both instances immediately complied with the request of the audience.

Mr. Sims Reeves was, of course, the great vocal gun of the evening. Of the various pieces which he sang, in most of which he was encored, we can only mention two; the first was a dramatic *scena*, composed expressly for him by Signor Alary, a very clever and brilliant composition in the Italian school, which was received with unanimous approval; the next was the "Bay of Biscay," in which Mr. Reeves emulated the inimitable Braham in the fire and energy of his declamation. There was a tremendous hubbub about the second verse, which, as only three had been awarded him in the making up of the programme; Mr. Reeves did not sing; but the noise was soon quelled by an explanation from Mr. Stammers, the manager, and Mr. Reeves ultimately sang the omitted verse with immense applause. We have only space to add, that Mrs. Newton and Mr. Leffler obtained encores in several pieces; that one of the gems of the evening was Loder's charming duet, "The wandering Wind," sung by the Misses Williams, with the most graceful expression and perfect finish; and that the other artists were much applauded in several pieces. The programme, although too long, there being no less than twenty-two pieces of music, gave general satisfaction. The attendance was very numerous, amounting to nearly 2000 persons. This opening was auspicious for the London Wednesday Concerts.

The second concert took place at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening. We can only give a few details. The hall was crowded. A selection from Auber's charming opera of *Fra Diavolo* was well given. The demands for a repetition of the overture were vehement, but were not acceded to in consequence of the wish of the directors to finish by eleven o'clock. Miss Ransford sang "On yonder rock," with great effect, and was much applauded. She was encored in Glover's pretty song, "I love the merry sunshine." Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in the serenade, "Young Agnes." Later in the evening he sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," with finished taste and musician-like feeling. Miss Dolby introduced a new song by Mr. Rockstro: we do not doubt but this song, although it strongly calls to mind "Locke's music in *Macbeth*, will become popular; it is pleasing, and cleverly arranged. Miss Dolby produced a great impression in Mendelssohn's beautiful songs, the "Spring Song," and "Song of the Night," the great musician's last composition. Mr. Thalberg's reception was enthusiastic; he played the Fantasia from the *Huguenots* in a masterly manner. His performance was re-demanded. He then gave the "Tarantella," from *Masaniello*. A similar demand was made after his performance of the Fantasia from *Don Pasquale*, but he declined the compliment. Previous to the second part, Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* was given with great spirit. Mr. Lavenu and Mr. Rockstro conducted. At the next concert a selection from Dr. Arne's *Artaverses* is to be presented.

LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT.

NO. V.

MELODY AND MELODIOUS COMBINATION.

MY DEAR THEODORE,—From my previous letters it must have become obvious to you that a school of art claiming to be based upon and to follow artistic principles, must necessarily commence with that element in music, which not only was the first, but also constitutes the principal one in all musical combinations. That melody appeared much earlier than harmony, I shewed to you already in my first letter, and

it is a fact which requires scarcely any historical proof, as harmony is nothing but a simultaneous combination of different melodies, and therefore the latter must necessarily precede the former. In nature, it is true, harmony appears simultaneously with the production of any melodious sound, but this natural harmony, although it forms the origin, and points out the fundamental laws of our artificial harmonious combinations, is in reality quite a different thing from that harmony which constitutes a predominant feature in our modern music; inasmuch as the latter always appears in the character of *independent voices*, whilst the former is but a faint echo from a fundamental sound, on whose existence it entirely depends, and without which it can never appear.

But melody also constitutes the *principal* and *most important* agent in our present music. It is the form in which the ruling predominating emotion or feeling of the heart manifests itself, and harmony can only give greater force to its expressions. If I, therefore, said in my previous letter, that our modern music is predominantly of a harmonious character, it is not to be understood that harmony is its principal element, but only, that its melodies are usually supported by an harmonious accompaniment. For a single melody may in itself contain all requisites for the truthful expression of a certain feeling and give utterance to this feeling in truly artistic form; but harmony alone, without melody, i. e. without a graceful flow of its voices—is an unartistic produce, presenting as Heinsen* observed, the appearance of a tree in winter time, stretching forth its naked branches like so many frozen limbs.

If, nevertheless, our schools and theories of composition almost exclusively direct their attention to harmonious combinations, and either make melody the subject of a few after-remarks, or omit it altogether; this is only another proof that their course of instruction is in contradiction to the spirit and natural development of that art which they profess to teach, beginning where it ought to end, and ending where it ought to begin. A glance at the composing artist might have shown those inventors of harmonious systems, those builders and expounders of chords, that a musical work of art is not created in that manner in which they profess to teach composition. It is but rarely—and only in the most gifted individuals, real geniuses—the case, that a work of art appears before the spiritual eye of the musician in all its parts, melody, harmonious combinations, &c.—and as a complete, perfect structure, which he may at once commit to paper. In most, and almost all cases, a principal melody, sometimes together with a few characteristic turns of modulation, etc. presents itself to his mind. This melody he lays hold of as the basis, the nucleus of his composition, he works it out in his mind, enlarges it, dwells upon its motive, &c., and then the whole melodious strain stands before his mental eye clear and complete; then only he commences to consider its harmonic accompaniment, motions of the different voices, modulations, instrumentation, &c. That this is the course in which musical productions (especially of a higher order) are developed and completed, every artist knows, and that even Mozart, the man who undoubtedly wrote with greater facility and rapidity than any other composer, commenced his works with the collection of melodious material, appears from a letter of his to a certain Baron at Prague, of which I extract the paragraph relating to this subject.

And now I come to the most difficult point in your letter, and which I much rather would leave unanswered, because I have no command over my pen in such matters. However,

*See No. 2 of these letters.

let me try, if it were only to give you something to laugh at."

" You wish to know my manner and proceeding of writing, especially of great and 'stout' works. About this, I cannot in truth tell you more than what follows, for I do not know more, and cannot make it plainer to myself. When I feel right well and comfortable, for instance, during a pleasant ride in a carriage, or after a good dinner, during a walk, or at night when I cannot sleep, then the ideas come to me in torrents and best. Wherefrom and how, I do not know, and can do nothing to it. Those now, which please me, I retain in my memory, and sometimes, may hum them to myself; so at least people tell me. Having laid firm hold of this, one thing after the other suggests itself to me, how such a bit might be used to make a 'pie' of it according to counterpoint, instrumentation, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*. This inflames my mind—provided I be not disturbed—the little thing grows larger and larger, I expand it clearer and fuller, and at last, the work, however long, is almost complete before my spiritual eyes, so that I may look it over in one glance, and contemplate it as if it were a beautiful picture or a handsome man, and hear its movements in my imagination, not as they will afterwards follow in succession, but the whole piece at once. This now is a real feast. The finding and working out takes place as it were in a dream; but the hearing the whole work is the best of all. What has thus been created does not disappear very easily from my memory, and this is perhaps the best of all the gifts heaven has endowed me with. And when I sit down to write, I take from the bag of my memory what has thus been collected; therefore it appears upon the paper with considerable rapidity, for it is, properly speaking, already finished, and an alteration of what existed in my mind before very rarely takes place. It is for this reason that I can suffer to be disturbed during my writings; many things may happen around me, and still I write; nay, I may even chatter about hens and geese, or about Dick or Susan...."

Let your theorists, who would fain persuade you that a young composer's salvation depends upon his being well grounded in concords and discords and inversions innumerable, let them look back upon this letter and learn that the course of action pursued, even by the most gifted of our masters, is entirely the opposite of that which they would have their pupils adopt to arrive at the production of works of art, or, in short, to become composers. It was for this reason that we commenced with the consideration of the melodious element in music: and, as our melodies are based upon the scale, I had first to show you the reasonableness of our tonal system, as arranged in scales. If our modern music were only a melodious succession of sounds, I might at once have entered upon the examination of the different melodious combinations; but, as we are accustomed to employ more than one melody at the same time, I was obliged to shew that our scale contains not only all requisites for melodious expression, but also the necessary elements of its harmonisation. It was for this reason that I entered upon the origin and fundamental laws of harmony, and not for the purpose of establishing a theory of chords. But, having now proved the soundness and completeness of the scale arrangement, we must leave the further consideration of harmony for a while, and follow the natural order of things, by the consideration of melody and melodious combinations.

You will recollect that melody is derived from the Greek word *melodia*, which is a compound of *μελος*, song, and *ῳδη*, air,

tune, and that the term consequently implies the singing of a musical strain. We shall, however, only be able to arrive at a true and full definition of the word, and find out the real nature of the thing which it is intended to express, by examining the psychologic character of the latter; that is to say its origin in nature, and its relation to the human heart. Now, you know that all art is intended to express in outward sensibly perceptible forms the inward spiritual life in man. But in nature—from the heavenly body evolving through spaces immeasurable down to the atom dancing in sunbeams—all life reveals itself by *motion*, a constant change in time or space takes place, and rest is to be found in the silence of the grave alone. An organic expression of the ideas, feelings, and motions occupying the human mind and heart requires, therefore, the employment of material elements capable of motion, either in space or time; and organic arts—arts of life—are only those which reveal and represent the spiritual life in an outward, living, moving form. To these arts belongs music, which employs *sound* as its sole medium of manifestation, and it is, therefore, by the motion of sounds that it expresses the emotions of the soul. But the motion of sounds is a twofold one—both a motion in space and in time; for, although a sound in itself occupies no space, yet is its production a consequence of the movements (vibrations) of physical bodies, and any alteration in the motion of the latter produces a corresponding change in the pitch or height of the sound. We apply, therefore, to sound itself what, strictly speaking, only belongs to its causes, and call the progression from a higher sound to a lower one, or *vice-versa*, a motion in space. This motion, consequently, consists in a change of sounds differing in height or pitch.

But the production of any sound is also to be considered as an incident or fact taking place in *time*, and lasting a certain time, and consequently the appearance of any new sound after another is a historical succession—a *motion in time*. This is the other motion belonging to sound, it is the succession of sound, equal or unequal, considered as a series of events of a longer or shorter duration.

These two kinds of motions, in space and time, form the means by which music is enabled to express the manifold fluctuations of feelings and emotions in the spiritual life of man; and the change of high and low, of short and long sounds, constitutes the basis of what we term *melody*. This definition is, however, not yet complete. As a fine art music has not only to express the emotions of the soul in a sensibly perceptible form, but this form must also be possessed of that quality which is known under the term of *beauty*. For all fine arts aim at the representation of an ideal, and all their productions therefore besides being *truthful*, must also appear in the most perfect and pleasing shape,—must be *beautiful*. And now our definition is complete, and we may define melody to be: *a succession of different sounds expressing a certain feeling or sensation in a beautiful form*.

The object of any melodious combination is, therefore, first, to give a characteristic expression to certain feelings, and to raise the same or similar feelings in the heart of the listener; and, secondly, to do this in a manner pleasing to the human ear. Both these objects are obtained by the motions of its sounds, and it is consequently these motions which we must examine to arrive at certain fundamental laws for the formation of melodious strains. When I am now entering upon this examination, you must however not expect, Theodore, to see me develope a complete system or theory of melody, or to put down certain abstract rules. Such a thing is out of the question. For not only am I, as you well know, averse to all

†This he would frequently do while playing at billiards, a game of which he was excessively fond.

systematic arrangements, which, treating art as a science, take away its very essence—its living spirit—and would subject the self-creating mind of the inspired artist to a code of rules which could only have authority in as far as they are based upon art itself, but in this instance such an attempt would also be utterly hopeless, as every melody is the direct effusion of the momentary state of the composer's mind, and I therefore can only derive its only law from the individual feeling and intention of the writer. This is the cause why the endeavours of the most accomplished and ingenious writers on music to establish a theory of melody, or melodies, melothesy as they term it, have proved abortive; and as regards the question of *beauty*, the futility of reducing it to rules, has been too truly demonstrated by Paul Richter: "The genius of the moment alone gives a law of melody to music and poetry; what theory is able to contribute to it, is nothing but melody, *i. e.*, a practical representation. For the beautiful can only be expressed and awakened by the beautiful."*

Only hints and general observations, therefore, can be given on this subject; and these must be based on the examination of the character and nature of the different motions of sound, in space and time, as forming the organic expressions of man's spiritual life. Such an examination will be easily carried out, if it considers the two kinds of motion separately; and as I mentioned the motion in space—the succession of grave and acute sounds—first, I shall take it into consideration, leaving the second kind of motions, time and rhythm, for the subject of my next letter.

* JEAN PAUL, *Verschule zur Aesthetik*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ASPULL V. FLOWERS.

"Ende gut: alles gut."

DEAR SIR.—Permit me the opportunity of stating that I fully and fairly apologised, and in terms at once courteous and polite regretted the personalities and, above all, the slightest injustice, if any had been committed by me, in the Voglerian controversy. I again repeat, "I told the tale that was told to me," and now it may be necessary to state that it was so told in the presence of a lady no less gifted in her literary than in her musical talent. But when a gentleman firmly and conscientiously denies that which is believed to be a fact, I am bound, aye, and most willing, to believe him. I may have been mistaken. I hope I was. But travellers hear and see strange things. I remember once reading a long account of one Rachel Hertz, who was so bamboozled and confounded by Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen, that she swallowed a case of needles in mistake for a bit of pudding or some other comestible. In some such predicament must have been my worthy friend French Flowers, when he gravely asserts that in one week I called him "a genius," and in the next called his fugues "miserably wretched." I plead "guilty upon my honour" to the latter; but from the former I shrink with horror. In what portion of his occipital region could such an idea have birth would be a greater discovery than that of gold from the philosopher's stone. Shall I not be permitted to callipize his cellular imagination, *cellula communis sensus, cellula estimativa seu cognitiva et rationalis, cellula memorativa, &c.*, as the ancient Germans did? No doubt I shall find certain protuberances

which entitle it to rank side by side with the head of Memnon—just as the claws of the mouse entitle it to rank in the same class as the elephant. F. F. is a phrenologist, he will understand me. Right proud is he of his organisation; and far be it from me to lessen it in his eyes, or to diminish that thankfulness which no doubt he feels towards Providence for having been so bountiful to him in brains! I only censure the sectarian spirit which his faith in *himself* has alone produced, and the illiberal judgment which it induces him to form of the characters of others who venture to express a contrary opinion to his own. I might justly censure the thoroughly ungentlemanly language he uses, that of last week's exceeding all others in offensive epithets; but that is his style, and Buffon says, "the style is the man." In taking leave of the controversy I do so with a just perception of the discretion of the Editor of the *Musical World*, who lowers the flag, like that of ancient tourney, at the critical moment when the combatants have well nigh battered themselves to pieces. "The falling out of lovers is the renewal of love," says the old and wise proverb. In this case let not its veracity be belied in the cause of that friendship which ought to cement musical brotherhood. Like all truly beautiful things, friendship delights the more the oftener it is resorted to, and the more it is contemplated; and I trust there has been nothing in the pale of controversy which *out of* it can prevent the hand of friendship, gloved and ungloved, from being extended by all parties concerned.—I am ever your most obliged

WILLIAM ASPULL.

[Mr. Aspull has mistaken us. We do *not* wish to stop any controversy on a musical subject of interest; but we must decline any more letters which contain offensive personalities. The present letter of Mr. Aspull is a good example of what we are anxious to avoid. Let it stand as a type to be eschewed by all controversialists who are desirous of promulgating their opinions in our columns.—ED.]

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Colman's comedy, the *Jealous Wife*, was revived on Saturday evening, and from the impression it created, bids fair to become one of the most attractive performances of the season. The cast was strong, and embraced Mr. Charles Kean as Mr. Oakley, Mr. Webster as Major Oakley, Mr. Keeley as Sir Harry Beagle, Mr. Wigan as Lord Trinket, Mr. Tilbury as old Russet, Mr. Hudson as Captain O'Cutter, Miss Reynolds as Miss Russet, Mrs. W. Clifford as Lady Freelove, and Mrs. Charles Kean as Mrs. Oakley.

Colman's comedy has had a longer existence than it deserves. Without the slightest pretensions to discrimination of character, to witty dialogue, or elegant diction, by the mere force of scenes painted with truth and pointed against a universal weakness of human nature, it continues to be received as one of our standard plays. The character of Mrs. Oakley has always been a favorite one for assumption, with both leading tragic and comic actresses. It is drawn with great spirit and effect, although it betokens little insight into the heart, and is merely a particular phase of a personage belonging to every-day life. The character of Mr. Oakley has still less purpose and less meaning, and is depicted with less power. In fact Mr. Oakley is nothing better than a poor liver-stricken, hen-pecked husband, who has neither eyes nor ears to see or learn an imperfection in his wife, and who cannot muster courage to command a will of his own. His fears and hesitations are sufficiently amusing, and in the last scene, when from desperation he is wound up to assume the domestic rein,

he becomes dramatic and effective. This part is also a favorite one with leading actors, though wherefore we can hardly make out. Lord Trinket, we suppose, must be received as a well-drawn portrait of the times, as also Sir Harry Beagle, and Lady Freelove, though in the advanced state of the turf and morality these latter have long become obsolete; but what must we think of the state of the British Navy in Colman's time, or of the author's acquaintance with the external world, when a captain of a man of war is made so ignorant as not to be able to read. To be sure, Colman made the British captain an Irishman, and perhaps with the audiences of the day this was apology enough for every want except a want of courage. It would be a novel feature to introduce on the stage an Irishman devoid of courage. We recommend the hint to all authors who are in search of what is new, and can assure them, from intimate acquaintance with the Hibernian character, that cowardice is no more driven from the blood of the Milesian than reptiles are from the soil of the Green Isle. That Irishmen are brave none will deny; that all Irishmen are brave experience disproves: that Irishmen possess other and better virtues than bravery many know—why then confine their stage characteristics to some peculiar and fancied propensity, and why not develop them largely as *men*, not smally as *Irishmen*? Mr. Bernard, we believe, was the first who departed from that fixity of precedent which made bravery the essential component part of the Irish character. He found impudence, cunning and sharping, as strong attributes of the Hibernian as valor and bull-making, and so he engrafted them into the heroes of his *Nervous Man, His Last Legs*, and the *Galway Attorney*. Enough of Irishmen at present.

Mrs. Charles Kean's Mrs. Oakley was a highly finished performance. It was acted throughout with immense spirit, and scene after scene elicited peals of applause and roars of laughter. The scene with Lady Freelove could not be surpassed. Mrs. Kean felt that, though impelled by suspicion into violence and extravagance, Mrs. Oakley was still a lady, and, spite of her raging fury, would do all she could to conceal her passion from Lady Freelove. Colman, in the character of Mrs. Oakley, certainly intended to portray a lady, but he has gone nigh to portray a virago instead, and it is no small difficulty for the actress who feels the intention of the author to carry that intention out while delivering his words. No one could have managed this difficulty better than Mrs. Kean. Although she gave the fullest weight and force to Colman's inelegant dialogue, the lady was apparent. Though overcome with passion and instigated into rant, the spectator felt relieved by a dignity and an air of consequence that swept away all verbal vulgarities. Mrs. Kean achieved an immense success in Mrs. Oakley.

Mr. Charles Kean played Mr. Oakley for the first time, we understand. If this be so, we may congratulate him heartily on his accomplishment. The part is an up-hill one, and an oppugnant, and a repulsive one, and demands the greatest art to render it durable. Mr. Kean did more than render it durable: he made it comic and amusing, and gave it an importance and a seeming it has rarely obtained from the best performers. The performance of Mr. Oakley has proved Mr. C. Kean an accomplished and refined comedian.

Mrs. W. Clifford, as Lady Freelove, was admirable. We never saw the part so well played.

The bluff and hearty Major Oakley was excellently represented by Mr. Webster. He was dressed admirably, and looked the old officer to the life. Mr. Webster, with great tact, knows how to portray and discriminate the ages of old men, from the middle age even to the decline. Not so our

dearly-beloved, and never-to-be-forgotten Tilbury, who has only one set of legs, one palsied gait, and one winky aspect from five-and-forty up to one hundred. On the present occasion in old *Russet*, he pantalooned it more than ever, and capered and tucked up his understandings with a sort of paralytic brevity that forcibly reminded us of a hen on a frosty wall. Mr. Tilbury gave one line with wonderful effect, the truth of which was instantaneously felt and acknowledged by the whole house. The line was:—

"I don't know what to do."

Mr. Hudson did what could be done for Captain O'Cutter; and the other parts were filled with tolerable effect.

We had well-nigh forgotten our old friend Keeley; but really he displayed so little of the sporting character in Sir Harry Beagle, that we seemed to miss the part altogether from the comedy. Friend Bob looked much more like a cockney pretender to sporting, than one accustomed to dogs, horns, fox-hounds, riding across country, and the Newmarket meets. The character of Sir Harry Beagle is a very common-place one, and requires a common-place actor to give it its due. Now Keeley is certainly no common-place actor. Why not put old Tilbury into the part?

The *Knight of Arva* continues its career of success; and Mrs. Kean draws full houses on the nights in which she appears in *Viola* and the *Ransom*. Several novelties are promised.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Bernard's interesting domestic drama, *St. Mary's Eve*, has been revived with considerable success, Madame Celeste performing her original part of Madeline. This we have always considered one of the best performances of the fair artist. It is highly natural and full of pathos, and never fails to move the most indifferent audience. The piece is well cast, and excellently got up.

The new burlesque on the *Tempest*, entitled *The Enchanted Isle*; or, *Raising the Wind*, written by the Messrs. Brough of Liverpool, has proved a regular trump card for the establishment. The burlesque was first produced in Liverpool, and afterwards, we believe, was wafted over the channel to Dublin. Both at Liverpool and Dublin the success it obtained was immense, so much so, indeed, that Mr. Webster purchased the right of playing it in London, and took it to the Adelphi. An account of the burlesque has already appeared in the columns of the *Musical World*, being sent to us by our Liverpool correspondent after the first performance. Our correspondent spoke loudly in its praise at the time; and after being present at its representation, we find our correspondent has not been exuberant in its behalf. The *Enchanted Isle* is, in fact, one of the very best pieces of the kind we have witnessed for a long time. It abounds in the smartest possible sayings, out-of-the-way jokes, new conceits, with puns, and good ones too, *ad infinitum*. The appliance of several of the situations to modern times is particularly happy. Paul Bedford plays the usurper Alonzo in such a manner as to make very tyranny quake; O. Smith is the Prospero, and looks lugubriously poetical and throne-riven; Miss Woolgar is, as usual, handsome and interesting in Ferdinand; Miss Ellen Chaplin gives a delicious new reading to Miranda; Mr. Munyard appears in savage glory as Caliban, looking, with his crimson flag, the very type of the red republic; and Madame Celeste makes the most fascinating of fanciful Ariels.

The burlesque is received nightly with tremendous applause, and promises to take its stand at the Adelphi as a stock-piece.

It is a pity that Wright does not play in it. Could he not have personated Caliban?

The dresses and scenery, and all that sort of thing, indicate the peculiar care and tastefulness of the fair hand that guides the reins.

OLYMPIC.—This little theatre has been lately doing exceedingly well. The company is select and efficient, and several new and smart pieces have been lately produced, all of which have been more or less successful. Of these, that brought out lately under the title of *Cousin Cherry*, has proved the most attractive. It is taken from the French, and is exceedingly lively and humorous. Mrs. Stirling plays the character of the heroine with great effect, and is well supported by Compton and Leigh Murray. Mr. Redmond Ryan, draughted from the Adelphi, has appeared in sundry Irish parts.

LYCEUM.—The *Merry Wives of Windsor* has been produced here with all the resources of the establishment, and has been received with considerable favour. Madame Vestris made her first appearance this season, and was honoured with the most enthusiastic cheers.

On Monday evening a new one-act farce was produced, which met with the most decided success. A more lively, bustling, keep-alive, or well-written piece, has not been presented to the public for a long time. The good things are so abundant that we can compare the farce to nothing better than a well-made plum-pudding, which has ever so much spicery and sweets, and very little flour to make up the consistence or binding matter. Now the sweets and spicery stand in the farce for the good things, and the flour for the plot. The farce is very happily called *An appeal to the public*. The idea is taken from the French piece called *Sous une porte Cochere*, and may be laid out as follows:—A certain Mr. Felix Rosemary (Mr. Charles Matthews) and a certain Miss Charlotte Smith (Miss Howard) have entered into a marriage engagement, or rather speculation, neither gentleman nor lady being known to the other. The very day previous to the celebration of the nuptials Mr. Rosemary on his way to procure the marriage certificate and the wedding-cake is overtaken by a rain-storm, and is driven to take shelter in a court-yard. Here the fun of the piece begins, and Mr. Rosemary is involved in a multiplicity of scrapes and mistakes that are highly amusing. He sees a lady with whom he picks up acquaintance; the lady grows communicative, and prevails upon him to assist her in certain mysterious designs upon a Mr. Bilberry (Mr. Meadows), who lives in the court-yard. Mr. Rosemary becomes jealous of Mr. Bilberry, but his jealousy is somewhat appeased by the appearance of Mr. Bilberry, who turns out to be a middle aged gentleman by no means likely to turn a young lady's brain. But poor Rosemary's hopes soon meet with disappointment. A Mr. James Bilberry comes upon the scene, more like a lover than the elder. This young gentleman has been lodging at the house of Mr. Bilberry, senior, and goes under the name of Blackberry. Suddenly Mr. Rosemary learns that this same Bilberry, or Blackberry, has been married to his intended bride, and the fair *incognita* turns out to be the identical Charlotte Smith herself, who has come to town in search of her husband; and so the piece ends without the marriage of the hero.

Mr. Charles Matthews acted the part of Rosemary with infinite spirit, and amused the audience excessively with his bye-play and his appeal to themselves, which is as effective as

it was novel, and in Mr. Matthews' hands gained double interest from excellent and finished acting.

The piece is very pointed and sprightly in its dialogue, and never hangs fire for want of a good saying. We need only mention that it is written by Mr. John Oxenford to bear us out to the fullest extent to which we could afford in its praise. Mr. Oxenford is the very best farce writer of the day, and it is to be lamented that this talented and accomplished scholar should confine himself to the lighter comic essays, and not turn his pen to high and elegant comedy, in which we feel convinced he would soon be without a rival.

MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam appeared a fortnight since at this theatre, immediately after the conclusion of Mr. T. P. Cooke's engagement. They appeared during the first week in the favorite pieces of the *Flowers of the Forest*, and the *Rough Diamond*. The performances were crowned with triumphant success. At the latter end of last week, in consequence of the death of Mr. Buckstone's son, his services were withdrawn from the theatre, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam remained alone as the star of attraction. The houses have been good notwithstanding, though not so crowded as when Mr. Buckstone played. Mr. Watts, the manager, has turned his attention to dramatic writing, and has produced two new farces, which have been received with considerable favor.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL CANON, "NON NOBIS DOMINE."

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—I have waited from time to time, in the hope of seeing a communication from some one or other of your correspondents (whose name shall be Legion) on the subject of R. Schumann's letter, published in your journal of the 9th September, relative to our national canon, *Non Nobis Domine*, in which letter he casts a doubt on the authorship of W. Byrd, from the fact of having found a copy in Breitkopf's old edition of Mozart's works, purporting to be his composition. Now as Schumann expressed a wish that the Editor of the *Musical World* would try to find out whether the said canon was already sung or printed in England before the year 1763, and also stated that as soon as they had an answer from this country they would not fail to communicate it to their readers, I am astonished at this silence on what may truly be termed a national subject, of which no notice has been taken by any of those gentlemen who appear to be in general so alert where a disputed topic is concerned, and so ready to dip their pens in the ink of controversy on the smallest pretence. I have no doubt that many of your readers, besides myself, have felt equally surprised—a feeling which, I am quite sure, must be shared by those of our German brethren who have read Schumann's letter. Nay, they may even accuse us of lack of courtesy, and with very great justice too. How it was that your *monstro* correspondent, French Flowers ("Heaven save the mark!" what a heap of letters this very Sampson of paper warfare must have penned in his time!) did not favour the *Musical World* with one of his many epistles when this subject was first started, I cannot divine; unless, indeed, it was that the everlasting war of the Vogler theory and progressive cadence so engrossed his attention that he had neither time nor interest, neither eyes nor ears, for anything else.

Since, then, no one seems inclined to do battle in the cause of Byrd, or to take up the gauntlet in defence of this our national canon, which ought to be endeared to many of us by associations, and venerated by all as one of the oldest and most beautiful specimens of harmony extant, I will endeavour, in the absence of those more qualified than myself for this task, to set the question in its proper light, and strive to satisfy those of my fellow-readers who may have their misgivings upon the subject, and our continental friends at the same time. In the first place, I refer you and others who may be interested in the matter, to a short biography of Byrd, in Boyce's "Cathedral Music" (the old edition), in which mention

is made of the composition in question in these terms. His celebrated composition of *Non Nobis Domine* will, in particular, remain a perpetual monument to his memory. Now as this collection was published in the year 1768, it follows that the canon must have been well known and received as the production of Byrd prior to that date; and, in all probability, Boyce had been intimately acquainted with it for many years—it being in the latter part of his life that he conceived the idea of bringing together the best works of the old masters of his country, for which, by the way, he ought to have the gratitude of every true lover of Church music: in having given to posterity, a number of beautiful services, and anthems, which, but for his efforts and research, would, perhaps, to this day have remained in oblivion, or else so mutilated by the organists and choirs who successively performed them that the original intention of the authors was scarcely discernible. His having succeeded in the laborious task of compiling them into one useful whole, and of restoring them to their pristine beauty, will still remain the most noble monument to his memory, even when his own beautiful compositions are taken into consideration. But, “*revenons à nos moutons*”—“to make assurances doubly sure”—I will quote the following passage from “*Burgh's Anecdotes of Music*”—“The celebrated canon, *Non Nobis Domine*, does not appear in any of his works, published by himself or collected by others, previous to the year 1642 (Byrd died in 1623), when Hilton inserted and prefixed the name of Byrd to it, in a collection of *catches, rounds, and canons*. But as no claim was laid to it by or in favour of any composer, before or since that time, till about the middle of the last century, when it was first given to Palestrina by Carlo Ricciotti, who published in Holland, among his concerts, a fugue, in eight parts, on the same subject, there can be no doubt that our countryman, Bird, was the author of this pleasing and universally popular composition.” A note to the above says that “Tarlino, Palestrina, and other of the old Italian masters, have made the same subject the groundwork of incidental points in their compositions; but in none of their works can we discover a regular canon on the same *motivo*.

There appears, then, to me to be no doubt on the subject, and certainly no reason to suppose that Hilton would have given this canon to Byrd if he had not fully believed it to be his. For if it was Hilton's own, he would have been too proud of such a specimen of counterpoint to have disavowed the authorship; if Palestrina's, for the same reason, he would rather have prefixed his own name to it than Byrd's; while, at the same time, the fact of Byrd's claim remaining undisputed for a century is a still farther argument in his favour. The mistake of Carlo Ricciotti, whether intended or otherwise, meets with a satisfactory answer in the note above quoted.

There being a copy, purporting to be the composition of Mozart, in an old edition of his works, referred to by Schumann, can of course only be explained by conjectures; of which the most probable that suggest themselves to my mind are that either Mozart copied it from some collection, very likely Hilton's, or that he transcribed it from memory, and that the publishers finding it in his handwriting, and fully believing it to be his, classed it with his works. The difference of the F sharp, instead of F natural, following G in the German copy admits, I think, of the explanation, that Mozart might have preferred this modulation to the other; and if he did, I, as an individual, agree with him in thinking it the most natural, and the one that addresses itself more easily to the ear. However, this is only an opinion, which may not be worth a rush, and many may think differently.

In conclusion, let me say how happy I shall be to see any further light thrown on this subject by others more fitted to wield the weapons of discussion than your humble servant. Meanwhile, let me hope that my poor though sincere efforts may meet with your approbation, and that of my fellow-readers; and I will trust that, in defending Byrd's authorship, I have, as Bottom would say—

“Grown to a point.”

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Stoke Hill, near Exeter, 25th Nov., 1848.

MOTIVO.

THE VOCLERIANS.

MR. JOHN BARNETT has addressed us the following letter:—

Private or Public.

(To the “undiscoverable personage” who edits the *Musical World*.)

SIR.—If the answer you intend publishing to my letter is as false and illiberal as your leader of last Saturday, I would have you look to it. You have begun by a string of gross falsehoods, so I know what I may expect; you say my “insinuations mean nothing”—that I deny; they are *direct* and *substantiated* charges of the most detestable and treacherous villainy that ever disgraced the editor of a journal, in his capacity; and, as to those threats being made to some “undiscoverable person,” that is equally *false*. I charged you, the *Editor*, openly, in your number of the 25th, of having shewn the greatest spite and malice towards me; and, while you deny having any such disposition, you are actually *giving yourself* the lie by the publication of remarks in your leader of the same number, which at once shews the truth of my accusations. I am quite aware you do not think me “a great man”—but it is a matter of indifference to me what you think me. I should not have attacked you at all in this matter, had I not seen your determination to act with your nasty and habitual unfairness. If you intended to remark upon the correspondence, you should have reserved your observations for an article upon the subject, when you could endeavour to substantiate your remarks: the mere “*I agree with Mr. This or That*” shews you were biased. You consider yourself justified in publishing all the most insulting and personal attacks upon me sent to your office, and, because I reply *severely*, you call me “quarrelsome”; if you are so amiable, and I so disagreeable, why, I ask you, did you rake up Mr. Flowers's old letters in order to find some paragraph or sentence that you thought calculated to wound and insult me? Answer that. My object in writing this, is merely to caution you in your mode of attack upon me. If I find you take unfair ground (being now shut out from self-justification in your pages), I shall publish Mr. Flowers's private letter, and others lately received, and, by way of letting the public see how *pliable* your opinions are, I shall do myself the pleasure of extracting from the M. W. various remarks upon establishments and artists made during the last two or three years of your editorship, and compare them with subsequent ones upon the same parties, by which it will be seen how far you and your opinions are entitled to be listened to with reliance—to wit: the two Italian Operas, Costa, Balfe, Berlioz, &c., &c. The private letters you allude to, were, if I remember rightly, upon the very same subject, and were written to point out to you how unjustly you behaved. You may call this letter another “threat” if you please. You may make it “private” or “public” if it suits you; you may reply to it—or you may let it alone. I am alike indifferent—I feel the greatest contempt for you, your opinions, and your paper; the latter I merely subscribe to for the *chit-chat* alone (living away from it); your abuse of me, therefore, will not cause me to discontinue it—and thus I leave you—not in “your glory,” but your “insignificance.”

J. BARNETT.

Cheltenham, Nov. 29.

Mr. Barnett deplored last week the want of a musical literature. Is this a specimen of what he would wish to see supplied for the edification of our professional ignoramus?

As Mr. Barnett gives us leave to “*reply or let it alone*,” to make his letter “*private or public, if it suits us*,” we avail ourselves of both liberties thus accorded in somewhat unliterary English. For the bullying and slang we at once briefly express our contempt. Being strange to such language as Mr. Barnett delights in employing, we shall not attempt to rival him in the use of it. He is evidently at home where we should be abroad; here again, therefore, we leave him in his glory.

To the points of the letter in which we stand accused of unfair dealing—or, as Mr. Barnett expresses it, “of the most detestable and treacherous villainy that ever disgraced the editor of a journal, in his capacity” (careful qualification?)—we shall easily reply.

First, we are accused of not thinking Mr. Barnett “a great man.” True, we do not; but what of that? If Mr. Barnett's opinion is so much superior to our insignificant judgment why is he not satisfied with his own idea of himself

instead of foaming at the mouth because we cannot share it? We do not consider Mr. Barnett a great man; and yet we hope to be saved.

Second, we are accused of expressing our agreement with "Mr. This or That," in the matter of Vogler, in opposition to Mr. Barnett, and of publishing that opinion in anticipation of an article upon the subject. Our sin amounts merely to saying "We do not hold with you, and we will tell you why another time." We repeat it—we disagree with Mr. Barnett in his estimate of the Abbé Vogler's system, and shall give our reasons at our earliest convenience. In his letter last week, Mr. Barnett insinuates that we know no more of the system than Mr. Molineux. Very likely; still we think we know enough to puzzle Mr. Barnett.

Fourth, we are arraigned for publishing "all the most insulting and personal attacks" upon Mr. Barnett, and calling him "quarrelsome for answering them severely." To which we answer that the first letter, containing "insulting and personal attacks", that reached our office, was from Mr. Barnett himself. Is it our fault that Mr. Flowers administered castigation for this, and that Mr. Barnett smarts under the infliction?

Fifth, the charge about Mr. Flowers' paragraphs and postscripts. A letter was sent to the office by Mr. Flowers, in answer to Mr. Barnett. This letter was set up in type, when Mr. Flowers wrote privately to say, that, *if not too late*, he desired to have it suppressed, or to alter it himself. Accordingly it was laid by, among some other unpublished letters of the same gentleman, and would have been consigned to the flames at one of our periodical burnings of rubbish, had not Mr. Flowers addressed a second letter to the office, begging that the former might now be inserted. The letter was found shorn of the P.S. and published without it. The next week, or week after, another letter came from Mr. Flowers for publication, and while it was setting up in type the compositor lay hands upon the antique P.S. which had hung upon the file of copy unobserved, and perceiving that it was in Mr. Flowers' hand-writing, concluded it must belong to that gentleman's letter to which he affixed it accordingly. As we never look at Mr. Flowers' letters in M.S., his hand-writing being painfully illegible, and as we generally leave the corrections of our Original Correspondence to the reader at the office, we were as ignorant of the publication of the P.S. as Mr. Flowers himself. Nor did any letter of remonstrance from that contrapuntist reach the office after its publication. So that had not Mr. Barnett alluded to it in his letter last week, which of course induced us to refer to the number in which it appeared, we should have remained ignorant to this day. The P.S. had no connection whatever with the text of the letter, and had it caught our eye, it would have been expunged without reference to its subject-matter. Thus having defended ourselves, we shall take advantage of Mr. Flowers' kindness, (in anticipation of Mr. Barnett's menace,) to publish the private letter which he sent to Mr. Barnett on the same subject, together with Mr. Flowers' own comments thereupon, which are somewhat at variance with the conclusions drawn by Mr. Barnett.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

COPY OF THE LETTER I SENT TO MR. BARNETT

SIR.—The Editor of the *Musical World* has, by a very unfortunate mistake, inserted a whole paragraph in my letter of this week which I particularly requested they would not, and which Mr. Ryan promised me he would expunge. I allude to the one beginning "I will conclude this letter," and ending "any unpleasant apprehensions on my account." It was written under a mistake that the passage therein I quote from you

alluded to me. I wished it out both for that reason and because I felt it contained language calculated fairly to make you angry. I also wished the whole of the P.S. to be left out. Indeed, you will be astonished when I assure you that the whole of the last paragraph of this P.S. is taken out of a letter I sent a long time ago in the heat of the controversy, and which, therefore, the Editors (not having inserted it when sent) were certainly quite unjustified in taking out and placing in this P.S. I may also inform you that when I begged them not to insert the rest of what now appears as a P.S. I sent another, which they have not inserted. I cannot but help feeling that this is too bad, and next week I shall (if they will insert) send an explanation, and make an apology to you for these untimely insertions.

You may make what use of this letter you deem best, &c.

G. F. FLOWERS.

DEAR SIR.—This is the exact copy of the letter sent to Mr. B., and if you examine his last letter in the *Musical World*, you will find that he does not stick to the text, but turns it to his advantage. I hate these mean ways of Mr. B. See how he puts inverted commas to his own language, and fastens it on another. The Organist, for instance, never said he was "modest." I never said "unwarranted attack" on him in the letter I sent you. All through the argument, Mr. B. has acted a cunning part, and this is the greatest evidence of the absurdity of his charge against me. Why does he not answer this simple question:—"Did A. Vogler invent the system of Cadence I gave to the *Musical World*? I never claimed Cadence Progressions as my own, nor the sequence system. But he dare not answer this point, because it would floor him. Yours, truly, G. F. F.

We have produced this, in simple justice to ourselves. We make no complaint whatever against Mr. Flowers, whom we have always found straightforward and manly in his conduct to us, however we may have differed from his contrapuntal reveries; but as we find ourselves made a kind of shuttlecock between the controversial bats of angry opponents, some our friends (so to speak) and some our foes, we shall seize every opportunity of escape. We like not the position, and have done nothing to merit it.

[Perhaps this may be the fit place to introduce, *en parenthèse*, a letter which Mr. Flowers has forwarded to us about binary cadences:—

THE TWELVE BINARY PROGRESSIVE CADENCES.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

"An honest tale speeds best being plainly told."—Richard III.

SIR.—Why does not Mr. Barnett answer this plain question: "Did ABBÉ VOGLER INVENT THE SYSTEM OF CADENCES I CIRCULATED IN THE *Musical World*, August 5th, 1848?" I never claimed Cadence Progressions as my own; and none but a bewildered, troubled brain, would ever accuse me of such folly. Nor did I ever say that the sequence system is mine: nor would A. Vogler say the sequence *progressions* are his! If Mr. Barnett's charge be an honest one, surely it will bear a direct answer to the above question and an honest investigation. All other points I will settle when this is disposed of. Yours, obliged, FRENCH FLOWERS.

The reader may exclaim *apropos de bottes*; but never mind.]

Mr. Barnett gives us permission to call his letter "a threat." We do not avail ourselves of that permission literally; but, in reply to the "threats" about endless matters with which the letter is spiced, we beg to say that we do not at all fear them. Let not Mr. Barnett, however, suppose that our columns are closed to his contributions. On the contrary, we freely give him leave to write himself down as often as he pleases; and further, to show how entirely unbiased we are, we print the following letter from our correspondent "Teutonius," who, in retort for the most unhandsome abuse offers a handsome compliment:—

JOHN BARNETT'S REMARKS ON THE "LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT."

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR.—Will you have the goodness to inform Mr. Barnett, that the

three first letters to a "Musical Student," were composed before his synopsis of Vogler's system appeared in your paper, and that his name was only introduced when those lessons were being prepared for the press, in order to direct the attention of the "student" to another mode of basing the scale upon harmony. The ideas contained in these letters could therefore not have been borrowed from him; nor was it necessary, as a system of harmony based upon acoustic sounds was already invented and published by Rameau as early as 1726 (*Nouveau système de Musique*, &c. &c.)

Please to inform Mr. Barnett also, that those letters were not intended as an attack upon him, but that they, and the subsequent ones, were penned with a view to do a little for the advancement of the musical art, whilst he and his opponents spent their leisure time in angry quarrels. As his remarks, therefore, were founded upon an error, he will but set up to his well-known honesty and uprightness, by retracting them.

Concluding with the assurance, that Mr. Barnett's letter has not offended me, whilst it has still more confirmed my high opinion of his superior knowledge and talent, I remain, Sir, your obedient,

Bristol, Nov. 28th. 1848. *AN ORGANIST.*

"Organist," another gentleman who comes under Mr. Barnett's lash, is less tractable. The "bellow-blower" gives blow for blow:

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir.—The words (put in inverted commas too) selected by your irascible correspondent, Mr. Barnett, to hang jokes upon as he thinks at my expense, were in fact quotations I had made from *his own* letters. As to the jokes themselves thus obtained, your readers will probably hold them good enough for a bellow blower, (as he with infinite politeness calls me,) but hardly so for a scientific man. If, however, I am Mr F.'s bellow blower, why should Mr. B. complain? Has he not his Aspull? a very zelus of words—all wind. I must say I expected (if any) a courteous reply to my first letter from Mr. B., but having received none on the subject matter of the debate, I begin to feel quite elated at the idea of having successfully exposed the sophistry and something worse of a Barnett, on the cadence question, and take as a compliment his declaration, that I am more "mischievous than all the rest of the disputants put together."—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

November 29, 1848. *AN ORGANIST.*

As usual Mr. Aspull comes in as peace-maker. We wish his office had more of authority, but are given to fear for the issue. Read his mild and gentlemanly protest:

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR ——. The enclosed modest, sensible, and seasonable letter I hope you will insert,* though I bow with all due submission to your magisterial and Editorial decision, that the Voglerian controversy shall cease. What I write now concludes all I have to say on the subject, not of Vogler but of Flowers.

His letter exceeds in *offensive* personalities all hitherto written, but that I conceive is favorable to me, and I am not touched or grieved by such things.

Can I see you this evening? Will you discuss a "scollipin" system with me? Pray be so good and let me know by my servant. I think you served my friend Barnett quite right. He is cross about some grievance that seems to be in his own brain, and in no one's else, and it is the more dark because I said a many good things of you, and tried to do away with such notions.—I am, in haste, thine ancient

4, Newman Street, Oxford Street—Wednesday, *ASPELL.*

At present we have little more to say on the subject. The gentleman against whom, in especial, Mr. Barnett has been so bitter has never injured him; on the contrary, he has, to our knowledge, been one of his most staunch upholders, and has often, in our hearing, warmly defended him when attempts have been made to underrate him as a composer. That same gentleman was absent from town during the greater part of the Voglerian controversy, and had no hand whatever in the editorial remarks which, at rare intervals it has elicited. As however, he is well able to defend himself against the attacks

of any opponent, even of Mr. Barnett, we shall leave his case in his own hands, and we may now state that the promised articles on the Voglerian controversy will proceed from his pen, unless the tone which the discussion has lately taken may induce him to abandon the matter in disgust. He has handed several letters to us, among others the *private* letters of Mr. Barnett, alluded to in Mr. Barnett's philippic, and the one from Mr. Aspull which we have printed in the body of this article. We here at once proclaim that the "private" letters of Mr. Barnett, addressed to "the Editor of the Musical World," which were perused by us at the time they were forwarded to the office, are full of vulgar personal attacks. If necessary we shall publish them also. Meanwhile let us leave the matter where it stands. The more it is stirred the more it will sm.

In conclusion let not Mr. Barnett judge of us by himself. We bear him no malice,—not even a grudge,—and when a new opera comes out from his pen—which for the sake of our theatres we trust may not be long hence—he will see how readily we can appreciate and applaud the talent of one whom we must now look upon in no other light than that of an enemy.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"The Standard Lyric Drama," Vol. II., containing *NORMA*, and Vol. III., *IL BARRERE*, with vocal score, and pianoforte adaptation arranged from the *Orchestral Score*, with the *Original Libretto*, and an *English Text* superadded by J. W. MOULD; the *Musical portion revised by W. S. ROCKSTAD*.—*ETC.*

We reviewed this serial publication during the progress of the *Marriage of Figaro*, when the monthly numbers appeared, and also when the first volume, containing Mozart's comic *chef d'œuvre*, was completed. We called attention to the spirit of the projectors and the consequences likely to result from the dissemination of standard operas given with the text complete, and in a neat and portable form; we enlarged upon the cheapness of the work, and were no niggards of our panegyric to Messrs. the musical and poetical editors; in short, we gave, what justice demanded of us, praise unqualified for the manner in which the *Marriage of Figaro* was brought out, and augured well for the future prospects of the "Standard Lyric Drama." We have for some time forbore to allude to the progress of the new work, feeling satisfied that it merited more than a passing notice, and only awaited the time until our minds were unhinged from other and more pressing subjects to devote a measured space to its review.

The second volume of the "Standard Lyric Drama" contains *Norma*, Bellini's masterpiece. The opera is prefaced by a memoir of Bellini and an account of *Norma*. The biography is interesting, and is interspersed with anecdotes which will find favour with the curious in musical reminiscences, no less than the admirers of the young and talented composer. Bellini finds a warm panegyrist in Mr. Mould, and though we cannot go the whole length with him, we admire the feeling which hurries the editor into something akin to extravagance. The account of *Norma* exhibits the erudition and research of Mr. Mould; but we question if this display of historical reading, with notes from divers antiquaries and quotations from Greek and Latin authorities, be not a little *de trop* in this place. Much must be forgiven in Mr. Mould, who is a very young man, and goes to his task with all the heat and boldness of enthusiasm, and we can well overlook this literary vanity for the knowledge and interesting records contained in the

* It is inserted elsewhere.

"Account." But there is one item of criticism we cannot pass with calmness. The editor terms Grisi's *Norma* too *barbarian*. Had Mr. Mould employed the term *barbaric* instead, we should have felt the force of the import, for, as our classical reading teaches us that barbaric gold meant the purest gold, so the word applied to Grisi's acting, might mean purity in its very lack of sophistication. We are satisfied that Mr. Mould has never seen Pasta in *Norma*, or he could not assert that that sublime actress was more "womanly" than Grisi. In truth, Pasta carried *Norma* by the very sublimity of her impersonation far away from all human sympathies, and it is on this account we consider Grisi's last scene the more striking and natural of the two. We should like to know from Mr. Mould, whether, in all he has seen of tragic acting, he has met with any performance so pathetic, so tender, or so feminine as Grisi's last scene in *Norma*? Surely not in the celebrated artist whom he honors by a comparison with her in his notice.

The poetical portion of *Norma* betokens the same care, the same assiduity, and the same intrepidity that distinguished Mr. Mould's efforts in the *Marriage of Figaro*. Indeed we should say it displays an advance on that work in rhythmical ease and harmony of versification. Many portions, however, of the dialogue are insurmountable, and cannot be rendered with fluency and clearness in the English language. In what he could not overcome the editor has displayed considerable tact and skill.

The care with which the musical portion has been revised is entitled to the highest praise. Mr. Rockstro has consummated his work like a musician, and with an evident love for his labor.

The third volume has just been completed, and contains the immortal *Barbiere*. It extends to no less than 370 pages, being 10 pages more than the *Marriage of Figaro*, a fact which somewhat surprised us, as the *Marriage of Figaro* certainly takes longer in the performance on the stage. The greatest possible care and research have been expended to render the text complete. Mr. Rockstro has procured all the known editions of the *Barbiere*, Italian, German, and French, and made his emendations accordingly. The canzonetta of the Count, "Se il mio nome," introduced by Salvi at the Royal Italian Opera, the season before last, has been received as authentic, and in the finale to the first act, some hundred bars have been restored. This is truly important. The finale in the present edition takes up no less than one hundred and eleven pages, being a dozen pages more than those comprised in the first act of *Norma*. Other restorations which may be deemed important, will be found in the body of the work; and perhaps it is not too much to add, that Rossini's *Barbiere* has for the first time issued from the hands of the publisher in a state of completeness worthy so great a work.

The difficulties with which the poet had to contend in his translation of the *Barbiere* into English were almost insuperable. The task was far greater than that demanded for the *Nozze di Figaro* or *Norma*. In the *Nozze* the librettist has put his solos into ballad metre; in each of which the form is as equable as in a modern English song; whilst the *Norma*, in its solemn march and its want of variety, requires little more than one measure of versification throughout, or where this a change, necessitates no great difficulty. In the *Barbiere* it is quite the contrary; the lines are irregular and broken, and even when they approach correct rhythmical conformation Rossini flings off the shackles, and fancies a measure and form of his own. It would have been better, we fancy, if Mr. Mould had given a loose paraphrase, in place of a close translation. He would then have been enabled to provide lines

more euphonious and words more vocal. What he has accomplished betokens perseverance the most surprising, and poetical skill of no mean amount. The spirit and *verve* of the dialogue is preserved throughout, and there is not a single point lost in the translation. At the same time we must confess that Rossini's music appears to baffle the English tongue completely. All that could be done Mr. Mould has done, and for what he has done he merits the greatest praise. We refer our readers to the translation of "Largo al Factotum" and that of the duet "All idea di quel metallo," as excellent specimens of Mr. Mould's poetical fertility and ingenuity.

And now, having awarded the ingenious editor his just praise, we have a word to say to him *au contraire*, and to take him to task for one or two novel remarks to be found in his preface. And first it appears to us that Rossini's *Barbiere* was as deserving of minute criticism as Bellini's *Norma*, and we think no few more anecdotes respecting the former would not have been found amiss. It must, however, be acknowledged that the volume had already spun out to an unanticipated length, and that, therefore, it was the editor's duty to curtail as much as possible. So far so good—Mr. Mould stands acquitted on this point. In his preliminary remarks, Mr. Mould, alluding to the doubtful reception the *Barbiere* met with on its first representation, says, it was owing to "unfavourable comparisons being made with some favourite *moreceau* in Paesiello's opera, and some evident faults being laid hold of." The air sung by the Count Almaviva under his mistress's window wanted the exquisite grace (?) and simplicity of Paesiello's melody, and Rosina's first song, the famous "Una voce poco fa," appeared quite out of character, making her appear in the light of a "bold-faced vixen, instead of a modest and simple girl, whom love renders cunning and ready-witted." Mr. Mould, Mr. Mould, we differ *toto caelo* from these observations. In the first place, no song ever written is more instinct with "exquisite grace" than the Count's serenade, "Ecco ridente il cielo," and Paesiello's melody is a simple, pleasing ballad in comparison. The "Una voce" is the very opposite of what a bold-faced vixen would sing. It is full of delicious sentiment, perhaps too much softened for the time, and never for one bar approaches the verge of the *brusque* or the vulgar, which it must have done to have suited a bold-faced "vixen." Again we assert that Rosina is not a "simple girl, but a very loving, knowing, and intriguing young mistress, who plots and lays plans with the go-between barber in a manner highly inconsistent with the character of a "simple girl."

We might perhaps feel somewhat surprised that Mr. Mould should limit his praises of the *Barbiere* to the terms "light, vivacious and brilliant," terms which might with justice be applied to several works of inferior composers, but which referred to one of the most inspired musical works in existence becomes condemnation. We are sure Mr. Mould did not intend this. He is too much of an enthusiast, and too much of a poet, not to feel deeply the wondrous beauties of Rossini's *chef d'œuvre*.

In the notices of the original casts, Mr. Mould has fallen into an error. In the lists of parts at the Royal Italian Opera for 1848, he sets down Alboni as the *Rosina*. Alboni did not perform the part in 1848, at the Royal Italian Opera. It was Madame Persiani, who retained the character throughout the season, both when Ronconi and Tamburini performed the *Barber*.

We cannot close our notice without a word of strong praise to the publishers, who have spared neither time nor expense

to render the "Standard Lyric Drama" worthy the highest public support—a result which we feel assured it will ultimately obtain.

The first number of the *Sonnambula* is now in course of being published.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EXETER HALL.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Looking up to you as the champion of the rights of the public allow me to tax your impartiality by making known my grievances through the medium of your Journal. On Friday evening last I was present at the performance of the *Messiah* at Exeter Hall, in one of the reserved seats in the area; and towards the close of the third part, when the duett by Miss Dolby and Mr. Reeves was finished, I, as quietly as possible, made my way towards the stairs, at the top of which I was stopped by one of the officials, who stated that I could not be allowed to leave until the close of the performance, and referred me to the printed placards in the room announcing the new regulation. A gentleman, with two ladies, made a similar attempt to leave, and in their case the rule was relaxed in their favor. Allow me to mention, that as I happen to reside out of London, after leaving the Hall I have to make my way to the City, and then taking a public conveyance to proceed between four and five miles further to my home, and I have no doubt there are others attending the Hall who are similarly circumstanced.

At the moment of attempting to leave there were only two choruses remaining to be sung, viz., "But thanks be to God," and "Worthy is the Lamb." I take the liberty of asserting that the trifling noise occasioned by the departure of those compelled to leave would not have detracted from the effect of the chorus; in fact, those remaining would not have been conscious of any interruption. If the two last pieces had been solos the case would have been somewhat different. As to the physical powers of the audience, I think I may venture to say that of so large a number as nearly 3000 all are not able to sit out the entire performance; and, besides, there may be particular causes for preventing some from remaining to the close of the performance.

I beg to ask whether such a regulation exists at any other musical meeting in London, or indeed in this country; I cannot think that it emanated from the talented conductor,—I should say that it is the uncalculated act of the committee. Let them look to their doings, and recollect that their present fortunate position is owing to their new conductor, and not to their own merits. Locking up the audience, indeed! it is the first time I ever heard of such a regulation—it is monstrous—it is un-English. A person having paid for his admission to a concert, upon what principle, I ask, is he to be compelled to stay longer than is agreeable to his inclinations or his convenience.

Having read your critique on the performance, I perceive that you approve the regulation, and consequently you are already at issue with me. I do trust you will reconsider your opinion, after which, should you take the same view of the question, I hope you will state your reasons, and give me the opportunity of being convinced by them. I think the subscribers, of whom I am one, have more reason to complain of this arbitrary regulation than the public, who have the remedy in their own hands, while our subscription is already paid for the season.

I beg to remark that as there are stewards dispersed through the Hall it is in their power to prevent confusion or noise during the departure of any of the audience. I have only, in conclusion, to assure you, that however much I may feel personally annoyed and inconvenienced, my complaint is made on public grounds solely.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

November 30th, 1848.

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

P.S. I enclose you my name and address.

THE LATE MR. ROOKE.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Walking some time since in the west of London and Westminster Cemetery, I had the curiosity to enquire the locality of poor Rooke's last resting place, and was directed to a grave without stone or memento of any kind, or even so much as a bit of turf upon it.

In a short notice of this lamented musician in a number of last year you conclude by saying that such a man should not be too soon forgotten. I leave you to infer what a sad comment on your well-meant aspiration the above recorded fact discloses.

It is well known that Rooke died in straitened circumstances, but an humble amateur like myself ventures to think that his numerous pupils and professional brethren, did they but know the facts, would soon procure the very moderate sum necessary to erect some kind of tribute to one so much admired for his talents and respected for his social qualities.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Kensington, Nov. 9th, 1848.

IGNATIUS.

PROVINCIAL.

WINCHESTER.—One of those entertainments, so much the fashion in the present day, mingling anecdote with music, was given at the St. John's Rooms, on Wednesday evening, by Mr. George Barker, one of the principal tenors of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. At an early hour the concert room was filled by the principal families of the town and neighbourhood, and before the first part was over there was not an available seat. Mr. Barker is perhaps one of the most popular composers and ballad singers of the present day and the well-merited applause bestowed on his songs, many of which were encored, must have been highly satisfactory to him, and will, no doubt, tempt him to repeat the entertainment on a future occasion.

LYNN, Nov. 28th.—(From our Correspondent.)—Madame Dulcken visited this place last night, and the concert was fully attended. She played Osborne's popular *Pluie des Perles* and *Il Tremolo*, (the latter encored). The concert was also enlivened by the charming vocalism of Mrs. Henry Wallack who was encored in the *Swiss Girl*, by Linley, and sung Mozart's duet *Crudel Perche* most beautifully with Mr. David Fisher, one of whose songs she also sang with much effect. The performances of Messrs. Willy and Hausmann were highly appreciated; and John Parry was as humorous as usual: he sang "Jeanette and Jeannot," and "We are going out of Town."

BATH.—Notwithstanding the *Lind guinea fever*, which attacked so many, only two days before, the room was well filled at Madame Dulcken's Pianoforte *Matinee*, on Saturday. We had also the gratification of hearing two very eminent performers—Mr. Willy (violin) and Mr. Hausmann (violoncello). Let us also give to M. Jacques (a resident pianist) his meed of approbation and applause. John Parry, as usual, was encored—as usual, willingly reseated himself—and, as usual, sang something else.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADMOISELLE PLUNKET, having concluded her season at Covent Garden, left London yesterday morning for Paris, to renew her engagement at the *Theatre de la Nation*.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Loder's new opera, under the title of *Robin Goodfellow*, and not *Puck*, as we mentioned in our last, will be produced on Wednesday.

MR. ELLA, Director of the Musical Union, has returned to town. He has been spending the recess at Pennicuick House, near Edinburgh, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Bart.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER, the well-known composer, and son of the celebrated Mrs. Glover, was married last week to Miss Kate Macnamara, one of the pupils of his Dramatic Academy.

ROYAL GRECIAN SALOON.—We are glad to hear that Operas are again to be the staple of this establishment, the re-engagement of Mr. Frazer, after so long an absence, together with Miss Mears and Mr. Baldwin, ensures their being well performed. The entire direction of the operatic department, is in the hands of Mr. Frazer, whose long experience is a guarantee of the excellent style in which they will be produced.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Messiah* was given for the second time, last night, under the conduct of Mr. Surman; vocalists as before.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The indefatigable Mr. Mitchell has already announced a novelty to begin his season. Dum-bolton's serenaders, who have attained even greater fame in the United States than the original Ethiopians, will give their first performance on Wednesday evening next. We trust and believe that they will prove trump cards for the "pearl of all managers," as Mr. Mitchell has been most appropriately styled.

JOSEPH MENDELSSOHN, son of the great philosopher, and father of the great musician, died at Berlin, on the 24th ult., aged 78. The deceased was head of the Bank of Mendelssohn and Co., in the Prussian capital.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A highly interesting performance is announced to take place at this theatre on Thursday, the 14th instant, for the annual benefit of Mr. Archer, the box-book-keeper. The entertainment will consist of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the *Honey Moon*; in both of which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will appear. Mr. Archer is entitled to the best support of the public, and we trust he will have a good muster on the occasion of his benefit.

PARISH ALVARS.—Our distinguished countryman has been appointed first harpist to the Emperor of Austria.

MR. GEORGE OSBORNE.—This well-known pianist and composer, has returned to London, from Paris, to resume his professional duties.

VIVIER.—Amateurs of the horn will be delighted to hear that M. Jullien has renewed the engagement of this celebrated artist, until the end of the season. Henceforth Vivier will play four times a week.

THE CHORAL HARMONISTS commenced their seventeenth season on Monday week at the London Tavern, with the customary selection of sacred and secular music. Handel's coronation anthem, "Zadok the Priest," Haydn's "Mass," in B flat; and the last movement from Mozart's "Davidde Penitente," composed the first part devoted to the sacred school; the anthem and mass being well performed, but Mozart's chorus showing inefficient rehearsal. The second part consisted of Converso's madrigal, "When all alone," was well sung and encored; the overture to *Euryanthe*, ineffectually rendered by the band for want of additional power on the stringed instruments; a ballad by Hobbs, beautifully sung by Mr. Lockey, and encored; a very pretty duet by Holmes, "The Swiss Maidens," to which a similar compliment was paid to the charming Misses Williams, the Romberg's "Song of the Bell." Mr. H. Westrop conducted, and Mr. Dando led the band, which is apparently shorn of its fair proportions since the last season. The large room was quite full.

NAPLES.—In a letter from a lady, written very recently, in the above city, we find the following:—"As we proceeded, admiring the beautiful prospect on our left, and envying the occupants of the charming villas on our right, I said to my companion, had I to choose a residence for our winter's sojourn, I should prefer yonder villa, with its verdant front. No sooner had I uttered the words, than out came Il padrone de Casa—old Lablache, holding an animated conversation with a nun. We had seen the Signor before in our tour, but under far different auspices—suffering agony from sea sickness.

JENNY LIND.—The poor pupils at the Institution for the Blind, where Jenny's fame had penetrated, sent her, as a humble tribute of their respect, some specimens of their work. The present was most graciously received by the accomplished singer, who in return sent the poor children £10, and a free admission to the evening concert.—*Western Times*.

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The columns of the **DISPATCH** will still continue to be enriched by the powerful contributions of

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A beautiful New Type has been cast, on which the **DISPATCH** will next year be printed.

Advertisers are respectfully requested to forward their advertisements on or before Friday Afternoon, otherwise no attention can be paid to them for the current number.

To prevent disappointment, early orders should be given to Mr. R. J. Wood, 139, Fleet Street, to whom Post-Office Orders may be made payable, or to any of the News-sellers, in Town and Country.

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HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER,
AND
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

EXETER HALL.
ON FRIDAY EVENING, THE 15TH OF DECEMBER, 1848,
A GRAND PERFORMANCE OF MENDELSSOHN'S SACRED ORATORIO,

E L I J A H.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

Madlle. J E N N Y L I N D,

(Who has most liberally offered her gratuitous services on this occasion.)

Miss A. W I L L I A M S.

Miss D O L B Y.

Miss M. W I L L I A M S.

Mr. L O C K E Y.

Mr. H. P H I L L I P S.

Mr. B E N S O N.

Mr. S M Y T H S O N.

Mr. J. A. N O V E L L O.

Organist, Mr. H. SMART. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT.

The Band and Chorus will be on the most complete scale possible, full particulars of which will be duly announced.

The Committee of Management for this Performance have the pleasure of announcing that they have received the most cordial co-operation from the Sacred Harmonic Society, and from the Members of Mr. Hullah's Upper Schools.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, One Guinea. To be had at Messrs. CRAMER and Co., Regent Street; and CHAPPELL, New Bond Street. Doors open at Half-past Six, the Performance to begin at Half-past Seven precisely.

* * * Donations in aid of the proposed Mendelssohn Scholarship will be received by any Member of the Committee.

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The Programme will include a variety of original songs, glee, &c. entirely new to this country.

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M. J U L L I E N

Has the honor to announce that the Grand Annual

B A L M A S Q U E

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

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LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

"G O D S A V E T H E Q U E E N,"

AND

T H E " B R I T I S H A R M Y Q U A D R I L L E,"

E V E R Y N I G H T.

M. J U L L I E N has the honor to announce that the Theatre being Let a Christmas to the Cirque National de Paris, the present is **M O S T P O S I T I V E L Y T H E L A S T W E E K B U T O N E** of his Concerts. Having obtained the kind permission for the attendance, until further orders, of the Four Military Bands, they will continue to take part in the Grand Performance of "God save the Queen" and the "Army" Quadrille every Evening until further notice.

M. VIVIER on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, & Saturday.

H E R R K Ö N I C ' S B E N E F I T.

To-morrow, Monday, December 4th, the Concert will be for the Benefit of Herr Koenig. For full particulars, see the Bills of the day.

G R A N D B A L M A S Q U E.

M. J U L L I E N ' S A N N U A L G R A N D B A L M A S Q U E will take place on **M O N D A Y,** December 18th, and terminate the Season.

M R. H O W A R D G L O V E R

Beg to announce that the CONCERT of the MUSICAL and DRAMATIC ACADEMY is unavoidably **P O S T P O N E D** to a later date of the present month. Full particulars will be duly announced.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkeas, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, December 2nd, 1848.